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peace. During ten years' residence in Jamaica, I have done what I could in order to make it manifest to those with whom I was connected, that the doctrines of peace are indeed the doctrines of Christianity. In the providence of God, I go again to that land, where I shall feel bound to do more, if possible, than in days gone by, in speaking in favor of peace principles. I go, however, to remain there but for a very short period. I expect soon to proceed from Jamaica to Africa, whence I came last year.

In that land I travelled for about thirteen months. I visited the Fernandians at Fernando Po, and other tribes near the Cameroon Mountains, and amongst these people myself and my respected companion in travel were enabled to act on the principles of peace. We went, carrying with us no arms whatever; we walked to the different towns we visited—upwards of forty—with our staff in our hands. We had nothing to excite their fears, nothing to tempt their cupidity, and we found ourselves perfectly safe. In the huts of the natives we slept, and from them we received much kindness and hospitality. We did our utmost, when thus travelling from place to place, to show what our sentiments were in reference to war. Once we attended what they call their war palaver, and interfered, we believe, for their benefit, while our interference, we have reason to conclude, received their approbation. On another occasion we were applied to by the people in one town to go to a more distant town—to a warlike people, and desire them no more to interfere with their neighbors, who loved peace. We went; and although the people appeared in rather a formidable manner, yet they did us no harm. And why? Because they saw that we could not do them injury; that we had come amongst them only with those things which were necessary for our journey; that we were unarmed, and hence it was that we departed from them in peace. I expect to carry with me some thirty or forty men, who I trust will be all men of peace. They will go from Jamaica, as the first fruits of that land, for Africa; they will visit their father-land to make known the gospel of peace amongst those in the native villages who are sitting at present in the most fearful darkness. Thus, while I most seriously and deeply feel the evil of war, and the sin of our nation in having entered on the war in China and Afghanistan, while I hate and abhor all such conduct as this, I feel more and more determined to exert my influence when here, and in other lands when there, in order to advance this cause, which is the cause of peace, and which is, I am sure, the cause of God."

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#### MR. CUSHING AT THE BUNKER HILL DINNER.

We cannot refrain from inserting the following testimony to our principles, given from mere experience, by an eminent politician who has no connection with the Peace Society, and, as far as we know, no acquaintance with its reasons or operations. We were totally unaware that he held any such sentiments, and rejoice that a great Eastern empire is for once to derive from a representative of a Christian nation, a recognition of the real principles of Christian policy.

"Hon. Caleb Cushing, being apparently about to quit, was loudly called upon from various quarters. The President stated to the company that he was present, and gave as a toast :

*The Chinese Empire*—In all its celestial surface there was no mound like Bunker Hill.

Mr. Cushing rose and said :—

'Mr. President; eighteen years ago to-day, under a bright summer's sun—the same sun which shone upon our fathers at the battle, and to-day kindles upon us, we listen to the eloquent voice, which we have this day heard. That voice then made mention of the breaking of the green sod,

whereupon was shed our fathers' blood, for the commencement of the Monument. To-day it is heard in honor of its completion. On that occasion, and on this, one idea has continually been impressed upon my mind. Not merely relating to the conflict of 1775; not to the ever-remembered victory which ushered in our national existence; nor to the scene which was the glorious dawn of our existence; nor to the mere military triumphs, glorious as they were in that battle-day which is first among our annals of the war. But I saw then and there, and see now, that peace has her triumphs, no less than more brilliant war.

There is a glory above that of the field of battle—there is a glory in the teeming prosperity around us—in the smiling myriads who to-day assembled on Bunker Hill—in the unbounded evidences of enterprise and happiness which we meet on every side. There is a glory above that of the battle-field—a peaceful, moral, religious, impressive glory, on which my mind has lingered. And though we to-day assembled on Bunker Hill and participated in the enthusiastic recollections of the moment, yet there are in our day and time, considerations which continually point us to the glories of peace rather than those of war.

I have myself been honored with a commission of *peace*, and am entrusted with the duty of bringing nearer together, if possible, the civilization of the old and new worlds—the Asiatic, European and American continents. For though, of old, it was from the East that civilization and learning dawned upon the civilized world, yet now the refluent tide of letters—knowledge, was rolled back from the West to the East, and we have become the teachers of our teachers. I go to China, sir, if I may so express myself, in behalf of civilization, and that, if possible, the doors of three hundred millions of Asiatic laborers may be opened to America. And if there is to be there another Bunker Hill monument, may it not be to commemorate the triumph of power over people, but the accumulating glory of peaceful arts, and civilized life.'

Mr. Cushing then gave:—

*The Triumphs of Peace*—More renowned than those of war.

#### ITEMS FROM EXPERIENCE.

A WHOLE MAN.—In a village of A., I recently found a man whose history, as well as his character, interested me so much, that I cannot refrain from giving an outline of both.

My friend is a frank, warm-hearted, straight-forward Scotchman, the son of a washer-woman, in an obscure manufacturing city of Scotland. His father died young, and left his widow with several sons. James—I use a fictitious name—went one day to his father's grave, and while musing there, the thought came burning over him—"O that I could do for my mother as my father did!" He formed his plan; and, on becoming of age, he came directly to this country, and began to work as a machinist. The business being new, was profitable, and he soon earned a small sum, which he sent, forthwith, to his poor mother in Scotland; and thenceforward provided for her support as for his own.

Such sons God seldom fails to bless in the things of this life, and James was steadily prosperous. He acquired, ere-long, capital enough to start in business for himself, and came to A., where he purchased or built an establishment, and has continued, even in these hardest of all hard times, to make money fast and sure.

When James had got fully established in his business and his beautiful mansion, he sent his brother across the Atlantic to bring his aged, crippled mother, to spend the evening of her life under his roof. "I have looked," said his pastor to me, "with admiration upon his childlike devotion to that old mother. Born and bred in the Kirk, she must of course attend public worship; and, however inconvenient for him, James furnished her every means in his power of gratifying these wishes at all times. He had steps